Portia. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.
Arag. VVhat's here ! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Preſenting me a Scedule : I will reade it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have aſmuch as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?
Por. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures. *Arrag.* VVhat is here?

The Fire ſeven times tried this,
Seven times tryed that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amiſſe:
Some there be that ſhadowes kiſſe;
Such have but a ſhadowes bliſſe.
There be fooles alive I wis,
Silver'd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Arrag. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger here:
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroth.
Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles, when they doe chooſe,
They have their wiſdome by their wit to looſe.
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtinie.
Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady?
Por. Here, what would my Lord?
Meſſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

A young Venetian, one that comes
To ſignifie th'aproaching of his Lo
From whom he bringeth ſenſible
To wit, (beſides commends and cu
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not
So likely an Embaſſadour of love.
A day in April never came ſo ſweet
To ſhow how coſtly Summer was
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before
Portia. No more I pray thee, I a
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in
Come, come, *Nerryſſa*, for I long to
Quicke *Cupids* Poſt that comes ſo
Nerriſſa. Baſſanio, Lord, Love

Solanio and Sal

Solanio. Now what newes on t
Salari. Why yet it lives there
ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the n
thinke they call the place, a very da
the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie b
Report be an honeſt woman of her
Solanio. I would ſhe were as
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbo
death of a third husband: but it is
lixity, or croſſing the plain high wa
thonio, the honeſt *Anthonio*; O th
keepe his name company.
Salari. Come, the full ſtop.
Solanio. Ha, what ſayeſt thou, wh
Salari. I would it might prove
Solanio. Let me ſay Amen betio
prayer, for heere he comes in the lik
Shylocke, what newes among the M
Shy. You knew, none ſo well, no
ters flight.
Salari. Thats certaine, I for
made the wings ſhe flew withall,